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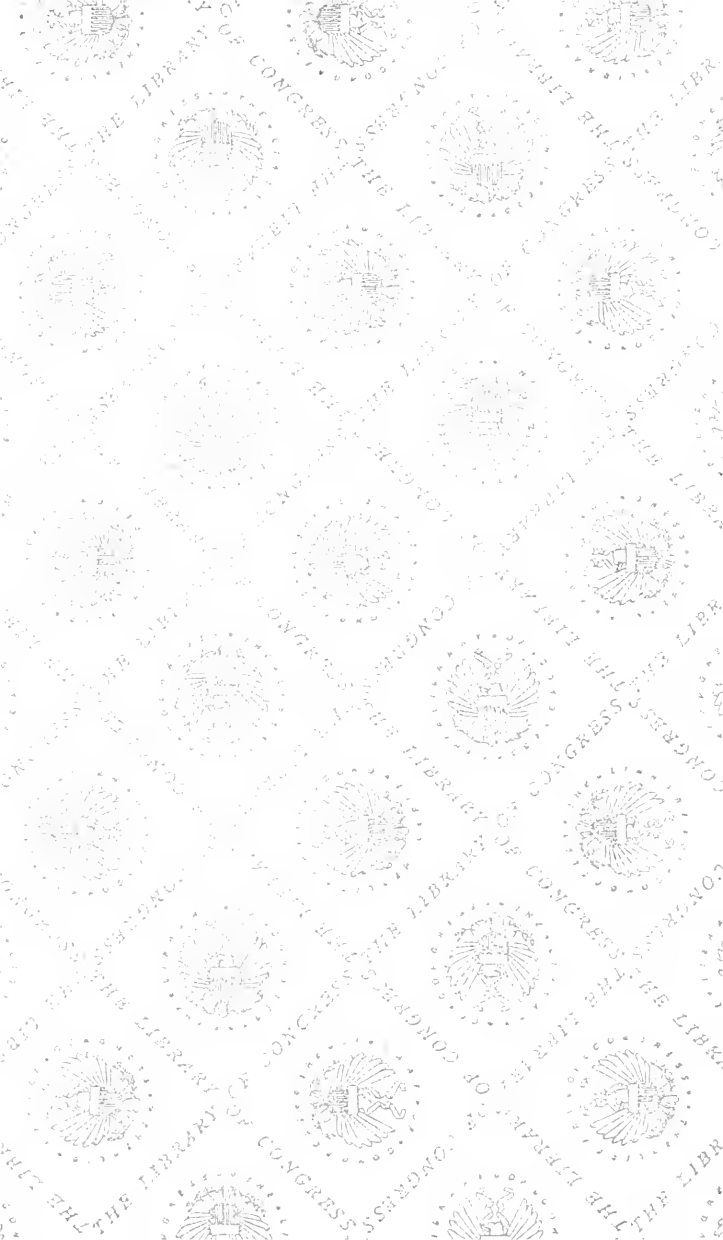
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America

BY

J. E. KLINGBERG

NEW BRITAIN, - - - CONNECTICUT



America



PRO PATRIA

THEY thought in Europe that this country fair
Was dreamland only and its laws were air;
They had not felt what in our bosom dwells,
Or heard the sound of Freedom's silver bells.
But now they know and fully understand
That the American is their truest friend
And that our country, although firm as steel,
Is not a tyrant with an iron heel
To crush the life of Truth and Innocence,
But to give justice and to right defense.
Old England could not see in days of yore
Why Pilgrims left their own ancestral shore
For this great continent, in those days new,
Without the aid of kings, in numbers few;
But now it's clear to every English mind
That it was surely best for all mankind.
Erase, O England, from thy hist'ry's page
The words of sneer you wrote in bygone age.
And stretch thy hand across the roaring sea
To us, a race new-born, yet strong and free,
And let us feel thy grip of friendship true,
Our heart's affection we will give you too;
Each other then we understand at last,
Look forward, England, and forget the past!
America, Queen of golden west, thy name
Shall travel swiftly on the wings of fame,
And all the world shall write thy deeds in stone
From mighty Wilson back to Washington;
Thy Stars and Stripes in heaven's light unfurled,
Shall speak of freedom to a panting world;
Thy ships shall leave our shores with golden grain

Gift

Artho

And with much treasured wealth return again.
And yet thy wealth is not alone in gold,
But in the character of finest mould
That sons and daughters of thy race can show
In words and actions true where'er they go.
Thy future hope build on the rock of Truth,
And teach each maiden and each manly youth
That Justice only can forever stand
And give protection to their fatherland;
Destroy all evil and all selfish greed,
Protect the weak and be their friend in need.
It seems that Providence appointed you
To break the fetters of the slave and to
Proclaim to nations, whether great or small,
That there is happiness and room for all
Upon this globe, and with the weapons bright
Defend that sacred truth, that right is might;
And to the nations tranquil peace restore
And do away with wars for evermore.
This is thy work, a real gigantic task,
But you can do it. Tear away the mask
Of secret statesmanship that there may be
Another era ruled by honesty
When honest men will honest work perform,
And justice rule, and hatred's cankerworm
Be hurled with force into the darkest deep,
Where evil spirits shall forever weep
Without the flowing tears that oft renew
The aching heart with fresh consoling dew.
And when this work is finished every tongue
Will join in singing an immortal song,
A song as mighty as Niagara's wave
That will resound in every mount and cave:
The sun shall rise upon a new-born race
And in eternal light the world embrace;
The earth will celebrate her jubilee
And holy angels shall our gladness see;
And from His throne on heaven's shining shore
Our God will smile upon the earth once more.

J. E. KLINGBERG.

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